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MONDAY, JULY 18, 1910.

NO PLACE FOR POLITICS.

"Abandon Politics, All Ye Who Enter Here," would be a good sign to place over the door of the Supreme Court of the United States. It is to be expected that the attorneys practicing before the Court shall not divest themselves of their political prejudices and purposes; but the Judge on the Bench should divorce himself absolutely from all his political activities, whatever they have been, and give himself over wholly to the proper business of his office. He does not lose his responsibility as a citizen because he is a Judge; but just to the extent that he identifies himself with party or factional politics, he establishes his unfitness for the Bench. We agree entirely with the New York Sun that the time has come when Mr. Justice Hughes should do one of two things: Stick to politics and keep off the Bench, or go on the Bench and give up politics, and particularly factional politics. The Sun did not put it in this way exactly, but that is the meaning of its perfectly frank protest against the recently much-advertised conference between the Governor and the Colonel at Oyster Bay.

Governor Hughes has not yet taken the oath of office as Justice of the Supreme Court; but his appointment by President Taft has been confirmed by the Senate. It would seem that a delicate sense of his position would cause him to refrain from taking any part whatsoever in the adjustment of factional differences in the ranks of his own party or from discussing any matters of principle or policy between his party and the opposition. Yet he devoted one whole night last week to a conference with the Colonel touching questions of party policy and party management in New York State. After consenting with Mr. Taft to accept the appointment as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, he continued to administer the office of Governor of his State with the distinct object of forcing the passage of a law which was unacceptable to the majority of his own party in the Legislature. That in itself was not becoming in him, and his continued activity in the factional affairs of his party does not leave a good taste in the mouth or promise immunity from political influences after he has been sworn in as a member of the Court. Surely it does not mean that after he has taken his place on the Bench he will ask for leave of absence whenever the conditions in New York appear to require his guiding hand so that he may advise with the Colonel or with anybody else as to the best way of achieving this, that or the other result in the management of the party. Surely, he will not put in any part of his time in stumping the State or in taking counsel with any of the leaders on political questions of a partisan or factional sort. No member of the Supreme Court has down to this time, we believe, ever been active in political affairs. No member of that great tribunal can afford to become active in political matters now, unless the Court is hereafter to take on the complexion of whatever party is in power or whatever party is responsible for the appointment of the Judges. In the latter case, the personnel, not only of the Supreme Court, but of all other Federal Courts as well, should be changed with the administration.

We can understand how earnest Governor Hughes has been for the success of the policies he has advocated, but his disposition to play politics until the very moment of his putting on the gown of the Judge has not been in the best taste, nor in accordance with the example of any of the other members of the Court in this or any other period since the Court was established.

DOWN IN NICARAGUA.

If Secretary Knox mean business down in Nicaragua, it is time for him to get busy. If he have not the authority under the law to take such active measures as may be necessary, he should report the matter to the President and let the President ask Congress for whatever means may be required for the subjection of the miserable little Central American Republic. When diplomacy has exhausted its resources, there should be resort to such a force as may be necessary to guard American interests and preserve the peace of the sorely distressed countries over which we have assumed a sort of protectorate. Even with our Navy in its present unfit condition, as reported by some of the muckrakers, and our Army sadly lacking in protoplasm, as Jack London would probably diagnosticate its condition, we have little doubt that the United States could actually whip Madriz in a fair stand-up fight; and there is much virtue in that.

To be entirely fair, however, it might be well to find out exactly what Groce and Cannon were doing down there when they were executed and what Pittman was after when he was caught and committed to jail; not that it should deter us from taking possession of Nicaragua, but that we might provide some plausible material for the "truth of history." Having taken this precaution, the war should go on, and go on before Germany or some other foreigner shall offer to aid us in policing our half of the world.

TWELVE PER CENT. DIVIDENDS.

The annual meeting of the National Cotton Mills, at Lumberton, N. C., was held one day last week, and it is said by the Robesonian that "notwithstanding the general depression that has existed in the cotton mill business for some time, the mills show profits considerably in excess of the 12 per cent. dividend paid during the year."

This is a remarkably good showing and proves what we have always contended that the mills should come to the cotton. Of course, there are ups and downs in the cotton manufacturing business, as there are in all other branches of business, but the South has made giant strides in working up its chief raw material during the last twenty-five years. Mills have failed, mills have suspended the payment of dividends, mills have been overstocked with goods for which there has been at times little demand, but the progress of cotton manufacturing in the South has been steady.

Last week the announcement was made that something like 4,500,000 spindles in the Carolinas would take a vacation of several weeks. Why not? This is the vacation season. This does not mean that the mills have failed or that the business has not been profitable, but it means that just at present they have an extra supply of goods on hand waiting for a market. The outlook for the business must be regarded as fairly good, as a new mill, capitalized at $100,000, will begin operations in Columbia in the fall; a new mill with a capital of $400,000 has been organized at Laurens, and a new mill is projected at Fountain Inn, with a capital of $200,000, and in other parts of South Carolina and North Carolina and Georgia men with money and enterprise stand ready to back their faith in the business with their pocket-books.

Why should not Richmond go into the cotton manufacturing business also on a large scale? The conditions here, it seems to us, are altogether favorable for this industry. The climate is good, the railroad facilities excellent and the supply of labor would doubtless be ample. Richmond ought to put some of its eggs in new baskets. This town should become, as doubtless it will become, the great manufacturing centre of the South. At any rate, something ought to be done here to increase and vary our manufacturing activities. We have the money, we have the climate, we have desirable situations for a thousand factories, and we ought to have the energy.

SPEAKER CANNON'S SPELL.

True to the spirit of his native State, the Hon. Joseph Glavis Cannon came very near being the "last at Appomattox" at Winfield, Kansas, on Saturday afternoon. He had been speaking an hour and three quarters, when he was overcome by the heat and had to discontinue his remarks. He explained to his congregation, "there are many more things I should like to have said, but I cannot. I am overcome with the heat. I am sorry." It is not said that the audience expressed regret at the intermission, although it doubtless sympathized with the Speaker in the occasion of his undoing. Likewise, people in the audience probably sympathized with themselves; it must have required great self-control and abundant good manners—a quality with which the Kansans are not believed to be overstocked—for the men and women present to have sat through nearly two hours of special pleading for one of the Speaker's crimes.

We hope that when he thinks a little about what he was trying to do, Mr. Cannon will reflect upon what sort of figure he would have presented appearing before the great Heavenly Assizes with all the idle words he uttered in defence of the rascality of his party. Surely, he would have been condemned out of his own mouth, and, now, that he is getting along in years, he ought to think about the future. Of course, we are glad, in a sense, that he appears to have recovered from his attack at Winfield; but the incident will lose much of its value if it do not incline his heart to keep out of the sun and refrain from saying things which he ought to confess are not so.

THE YELLOW PULPIT.

The sermon preached here last Sunday by the Rev. Dr. David M. Ramsay, in which he said that there is a yellow pulpit just as there is a yellow press, caused much favorable comment in the city and beyond its gates. The Winchester Evening Star says about it:

"A very many thoughtful people agree with the doctor.

"Sam Jones was the introducer, and perhaps the most conspicuous example of the yellow preacher. He has many imitators, but it is doubted whether any of them have transcended the irreverence and the vulgarity of Jones. Jones drew great crowds who were attracted by the spectacle of a mountebank getting off his stunts in a pulpit, and using language too foul to be permitted on the stage of a third-class vaudeville. Men and women went to hear him in great throngs, most of them unconsciously influenced by that morbid curiosity which draws people to the monstrous in nature.

"Sam Jones is dead, but the evil that he did lives after him. His imitators are using his methods to the disadvantage of true religion and the destruction of real reverence. Religion, certainly the Christian religion, is based upon reverence. It cannot truly exist without reverence for things sacred, and it is the soil from which the roots of faith are nourished.

"Any preacher who deals irreverently with sacred subjects does harm, no matter how much tempering, emotionalism he may excite.

"Spurgeon and John Wesley were great evangelists, but they were tender, humane and reverent. Their work was great and is abiding. Sam Jones and his ilk quickly descend into the tomb of oblivion, and it is unfortunate that their influence is not as easily forgotten as their personalities."

The latest recruit to the yellow ministry, we may add in passing, is the preacher in a distant city who lately advertised that his church would be dark for the Sunday night services in order to have a large attendance of young people.

MOTHER EDDY'S 89TH BIRTHDAY.

The story that Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy celebrated her 89th birthday on Saturday exposes at last the utter falsity of the statements made more than a year ago by some supposedly truthful persons that she was dead, that she was represented in the "audiences" she is alleged to have given by a dummy, a dummy wearing long black silk mitts on her arms, a peach of a bonnet on her head, and an ermine cloak wrapped about her person. It was some newspaper man of one of the Boston dailies, or probably it was the special representative of the New York Tribune, who declared that he had seen the vision in a carriage; but that, very naturally and properly, he was not permitted to approach within satisfactory speaking distance, and that when he was suffered to enter the house of this new evangel of a saving creed he was not allowed to nose about the apartments of the sacred one as he pleased.

We have always contended that it did not make any difference whether she was alive or not, her religion is one of the livest things of recent discovery or invention, or divine institution. (Read Mark Twain's book for particulars.) And now upon the testimony of "Bill" Chandler, the attorney of the claimants to part of Mrs. Eddy's unearned increment, and his clients, of course, we are told that on Saturday two of Mrs. Eddy's grandsons actually saw her and conversed with her at her home in Newton, Massachusetts. They would not say what she said to them or what they said to her; but they actually saw her in the flesh, and, as they stayed with her for an hour or so, they could not have been mistaken. This disposes, finally, of the oft-repeated story that she is dead, unless it can be proved that her alleged understudy can act her part true to the life. The interesting feature of Saturday's affair is that Mr. Chandler's clients do not appear to have received anything yet on account, and we hope that they never will. Better distribute it to the poor in the South than to give it to the grandsons who never thought of their grandmother until after she began building up her fortunes and without any aid from them or their esteemed father.

It is one of the strange things about money that those who do not make it so often want to take it on the ground that they are related to those who have acquired it. We hope that Mrs. Eddy will live to her ninety-ninth year, or her hundred and ninety-ninth year, if so long a time be necessary to keep the Chandler claimants out of that $175,000. In the meantime, our congratulations to the Mother and likewise to her faithful promoter, our dear old friend, Brother Alfred Farlow.

PUBLIC SPEECH-MAKING.

The spoken word is as effective today as it ever was. There are those who say that oratory is dead; that the masters of eloquence are gone and that their like we shall not see again; that the place of the orator as a commanding figure in the community has been yielded up. Not without some truth in them are these contentions made, but the fact stands that the public speaker has as much power to-day as he had in the past, if he use his speech aright.

In a country like ours, where the right to have free and full discussion of public matters has been written into the charter of our liberty, it has been natural to place much emphasis on the value of public speech. This national tendency toward interest in oratory and debate, perhaps, was in the thought of George Bernard Shaw when he expressed the English view that the American overestimates the necessity for public speech and that "oratory is an accomplishment which belongs to a cruder stage of civilization."

Undoubtedly, the day of the orator who could sway masses of the people by appeals to sentiment and prejudice, entwined with poetical allusions, floral displays and all the colors of the full palette, is waning. The demand to-day is more for information, for facts, for reasons, rather than for platitude; for the obvious, rather than the fervid, florid phrase. Eloquence is a living, breathing power, an eternal force for the moving of the hearts and minds of men; but the speech that is ornamental, rather than useful, is sinking into the decadence it deserves.

How often these days, on occasions where there is much speech-making, would the advice of Hamlet to the players be appropriate. When some frock-coated orator arises, with a speech the chief feature of which is its length, and begins to say: "I am no speaker; in fact, I never made but three speeches in my life, and I remember one day that General Smith told me that while he was in the battle of Gettysburg, and, my friends, that was a battle of battles," etc., how exactly fitting it would be if the Prince of Denmark could stride in and repeat to him his excellent advice: "Speak the speech, I pray you, trippingly upon the tongue," and declare his preference for the town crier to some kinds of speakers. Many present would doubtless agree with him, were Hamlet to continue: "Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags. . . . I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-Herods Herod."

Too frequently now public speakers obscure the point with much useless matter alien to what they should be talking about. There was a member of the General Assembly this year who spoke for his allotted time on the important subject of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, but in his desire to make a "fine speech" he forgot to mention the amendment at all, and had he talked about ten minutes more Glenn H. Curtiss is about the only man who could have brought him to earth again. Public debates ought to be business-like, they ought to be to the point, and they should be of reasonable brevity. Men too often get up and say over what somebody else has already said. There are a great many men in the Commonwealth to-day who ought to know how to make a good speech, but who, instead, bury a few facts under a mound of cumbersome anecdotes. The anecdote is right in its proper place, but the good speaker knows that there is a sharp line between his domain and that of the raconteur.

The reason behind the all too common faults of public speakers, in this State and elsewhere, is that the speaker lacks a sense of proportion, does not use good taste, has no idea of the fitness of things. There is a speech for the hustings, there is a speech for the after-dinner occasion; but they are of a different sort. Many fail to realize this, and the result is that some pleasant gentlemen have become dipsomaniacs, because to last through the bombardment of speech-making at dinners, they have had to fortify themselves with a small cargo of strong spirits.

There ought to be a teacher versed in the science of public speech in every school and college, to teach the proper method of saying what one has to say on various occasions. It would be unnecessary to go out of the State to secure speeches that are almost perfect models, nor would they have to go out of it to get examples of what not to say. Hamlet cannot come back to us, but there ought to be some one or more who could teach again his lessons as to speech-making; who would explain that graceful, easy, logical speech is needed, not forgetting to use a sense of fitness; that in making a speech, happy is he who keeps in mind the time, the place and the point.

DOWN AT ONANCOCK.

Singing like a veritable siren from her native rock, Editor L. D. T. Quinby, of the Accomack News, writes alluringly this week about the wealth of Onancock, as a sort of epilogue to the visit of the Virginia Press Association to that place. His description of the country is so attractive that it makes people feel like going there by the very next Pullman aeroplane. He says:

We want you to remember that our people are not idlers, content with what nature has so abundantly provided for them, but, on the contrary, in the matter of potatoes on the shore and oysters from the water, we are a people so alert to the situation and so active and industrious that frequently as during the past winter in oysters, and at present in potatoes, we have produced an overabundance, and stand ready to supply the country at large if said country will take our products at a fair margin of profit. Through our own means and devices we have studied how best not to raise and distribute a losing crop, and the best incentive we have is the return to us of the golden coin that adds to our own comforts and those of our households.

Here's to the land where the oyster grows,
Here's to the land where the salt tide flows,
Here's to potatoes, forevermore
Here's to the good old Eastern Shore.

If this glowing description be not overdone, then we are fearful for the integrity of the Virginia Press Association; for its members, lured by the natural riches of Onancock, just visited on their trip, may say: "Printers' ink, nevermore; potatoes, forevermore," and begin life anew. Truly, "who would fardels bear," when life seems to be one sweet song on the golden shores of Onancock?

A SERMON IN STONE.

If the man who said that oratory is dead would come to Virginia, he would take it all back. Just read this from the Grayson Gazette, relative to the Richmond granite to be used for a Confederate monument:

"It was quarried from right beneath the old trenches and redoubts which protected the Confederate Capitol throughout the stern years of '61-'65. Over it have screamed the shells, and whistled and whispered the hail of death from Northern guns. It has listened to the shout of defiance and heard the last breath of the dying, the sudden challenge, the guarded council, the quick command. And above it the grim powder-scorched throats of the Confederate batteries roared and crashed, unyielding and unafraid. It heard the roar of the Northern charge, and the crashing volleys of Southern rifles. The cavalry bugles have awakened its answering echoes; the thunder of Stuart's charging horse has floated across its pine crowned summits and above it all for four long years there proudly waved the great war banner and battle flags of the Confederacy."

If this Virginian can write like that just as mere description, what, we ask, could he do if he exerted himself in a speech?

SIGNS IN THE HEAVENS.

Here is what they saw this week in Lynchburg, as chronicled by the Lynchburg News:

"A strange object which at times had the appearance of an immense bird and at other times of a small balloon is said to have passed over the city Monday evening a short time before dark, going from the northwest to the southeast.

"Quite a number of persons in South Lynchburg saw the object emerge from a cloud beyond the city, and in a short time large numbers were watching the flight.

"At one time the object appeared to be a deep red, but at other times it was black in appearance. It appeared to be sailing at an altitude of about 3,000 feet.

"Unless the object was a balloon, those who saw it are at a loss to explain what it was."

And yet some folks argue that Lynchburg is really a dry town!

"What are we going to do with Roosevelt?" is the question that has been asked from one end of the country to the other. It has been suggested that he should become almost everything, all the way from a United States Senator to a sort of peripatetic peace promoter. No sane solution has been offered hitherto, even Cabot Lodge does not know what to do with "my dear Theodore." But this problem, which has forced many a statesman to take to his cups, is solved at last, we hope, by the United States Civil Service Commission. The commission has just sent out an announcement that there is a vacancy in the high and responsible office of "Zoology Cataloguer," and the well known faunal naturalist of Sagamore Hill is the very man for the job. He would be in his own peculiar element in the Smithsonian Institution, where now are the trophies of his African chase, the kirkak-dik, the guyastous bird, and the oseowhangdoodle.

Spotsylvania supervisors are doing some good work for good roads. They have started to work in earnest near Fredericksburg, and are about to construct an up-to-date highway. Good for Spotsylvania!

An old catalogue of the University of Cincinnati turned up yesterday, dated 1908, and it was interesting to note the list of the faculty of its law school. The third name on the roll was "William H. Taft, LL. D., professor of law, absent on leave," and a little further down appeared "Judson Harmon, LL. D., Rufus King Professor of Constitutional Law." Professors Taft and Harmon are figuring largely in the public eye these days, and each of them may teach the American people some law before they quit.

Georgia has passed the Federal income tax amendment, and we can picture without difficulty the frown of thundering displeasure that must have darkened the brow of Judge Leonidas Yarrell, of Greenesville when he read about it. The delegate from Greenesville was one of the chief assassins of the amendment in the Virginia House and was very much "agin it"; if he had been there to speak in the Cracker Legislature he would have silenced the guns of the advocates of the bill.

There is going to be a national fiddling contest in St. Louis this year, when the Jefferson County Association goes on its third annual outing. Masters of the bow will be there from all parts of the country, and there will be a wonderful melody when the old kings of the strings begin to play "Pop Goes the Weasel," "All Bound With a Woolen String," and "Turkey in the Straw." Old-time fiddling is passing out, but there are a good many fiddlers in Virginia, who can still hold their own, and put it over anything that anybody at the St. Louis contest will do.

Judge Harrison in a case in Winchester has decided that a dog is not a beast, but a domesticated animal. Perhaps he is right, but the question will not be solved to our satisfaction until it is placed before the Supreme Court of Natural History at Oyster Bay.

The intimation of the Chase City Progress that Henry Watterson would attempt "to make Virginia mint juleps with Carolina corn licker," shows how little it knows about the taste of the great Kentuckian.

In the opinion of the Knoxville Journal and Tribune, busy fathers and mothers should always take time to make home as pleasant as possible for the children. This can be done if the fathers and mothers would stay at home more and not gad about so much.

The Emporia Messenger "puts it over" Charlotte again this week: "We haven't heard the Charlotte Observer claim that Jack Johnson was born in North Carolina. Wonder why?"

Very few of them are now chewing gum in the street cars. About half-past 11 o'clock Friday night a lovely looking creature spoiled a very pretty face by the constant action of her jaws. Why don't they quit it, or, if they must chew gum, why don't they stay at home and chew it, instead of insisting upon a public exhibition of the cud habit?

Speaking of the Contributing Editor's protest against professional pugilism, the Hartford Courant remarks that this is a very hard jolt, "easily worth a thousand pulpit discourses by reverend gentlemen who do not know an upper-cut from an under-cut." We fear that the hot weather is telling on Dr. Clark, and we are sorry, for this is no time for him or any of the McLean people to be slopping over.

"The town pump is still doing business at the same old stand, although the crowd in town to see the circus put it out of commission for a time," declares the Kenbridge Tribune. That was a pretty strong thirst.

"The automobile has ceased to be a curiosity in Kenbridge," says the Kenbridge Tribune. But it is still a nuisance, we suppose.

In a long editorial article about New York politics, the Emporia Messenger paints a picture of Colonel Roosevelt, describing him as one who "delights in grand-stand plays." Just so, as evidenced by the Colonel's attitude against prize-fights, proclaimed after almost every other man in the country who had anything to say about the mill had decried them.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

Home-Coming Week.
I saw in the paper where the Governor said he wanted all young men of Virginia to visit their homes in August. Will the railroads give special rates? I have a son I want to visit me. MRS. W. B. DAVIS.
There is to be no home-coming week in Virginia this year.

Carolina Governors.
Who are the Governors of North and South Carolina? N. O.
W. W. Kitchin, North Carolina; Martin Frederick Ansel, South Carolina.

Third Termers.
Has any President ever tried to be President three terms?
Yes. President Grant tried to get a third term, but did not succeed in getting the nomination of his party. Cleveland was nominated three times, but was elected only twice. His third nomination came after he had been defeated for a second term. Cleveland, however, did not attempt to run for a third term.

President of Red Cross.
Who is president of the National Red Cross Society?
Hon. William H. Taft.

The Mill Boy of the Slashes.
Who was "The Mill Boy of the Slashes"?
Henry Clay.

Copyright Requirements.
A gave to a printer a MS. to print and to have copyrighted. Paid the printer and received MS., also the copyright certificate. On the MS. at the bottom is only the word, "copyrighted." Is this valid? It has not the printer's name or any date.
MISS B. WARDEN.
We think the omission of the name of the person who takes out the copyright makes your publication deficient as to its copyright. In this column we do not undertake to give legal advice, and you should consult either a lawyer or the Patent Office at Washington.

George W. Cable.
1. Where does George W. Cable live and what is he doing in literature?
2. Has he written anything since 1883 equal to "The Grandissimes," "Dr. Sevier" and "Madame Delphine"?
3. Do you regard him as the prince of Southern novelists? W. L.
1. Cable lives at Northampton, Mass. He is doing very little in literature.
2. No.
3. We certainly do not.

Mathematical Question.
Will you please work the following problem? The sum of four whole numbers is twenty-three. The first number is one-third of the fourth number. The third number is equal to twice the first number. The sum of the second number and the third number, minus one, is equal to the fourth number. What are the four numbers? W. R.
We do not answer mathematical queries.

Express Packages.
If "Subscriber" at Wise, N. C., will write us more fully about his express package matter, we shall try to give him the information he desires.

Coin Found at Gum Springs.
H. M. McC. sends us a query as to a coin found at Gum Springs. We do not answer questions as to numismatics in this column.

Confederate Documents.
Have the messages and official documents of President Davis been published?
They have been recently collected and printed in book form.

ROBERT JOCELYN RECEIVES A TITLE

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

LORD NEWPORT, who is now staying at the summer resort bearing his name, has only quite recently become invested with that title, which he takes, not from Newport in Rhode Island, but from Newport in Ireland; for, until a few months ago, he was known as Robert Jocelyn, without even any prefix of "Honorable." But on the death of the sixth Earl of Roden, in the spring, the latter's peerages went to his younger brother, Colonel Robert Orde Jocelyn, who had commanded the Liverpool Regiment, and who is a veteran of the South African wars of thirty years ago. His eldest son, in accordance with English usage and tradition, adopted one of his father's minor honors, and became by courtesy Lord Newport, though remaining a commoner in the eyes of the law—that is to say, he is a lord without being a peer of the realm.

Lord Newport's mother has achieved considerable note as a novelist, under the name of "Ada Maria Jocelyn."

The Jocelyns hail from the County of Essex, where they were flourishing already in the reign of King John and of Henry III. Sir Thomas Jocelyn is on record as having been created a knight at the coronation of Edward VI. But the first Jocelyn to receive a peerage was Robert Jocelyn, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, who was created first of all Baron Newport, of Newport, and then Viscount Jocelyn. His son was for his services as auditor-general of Ireland advanced to the rank of Earl of Roden. The Jocelyns have been established in Ireland ever since they were raised to the peerage by George II., in the early part of the eighteenth century, and the country seats of Lord Newport's parents are Tullymore Park, in County Down, and Dundalk House, in County Louth.

It was the daughter of the fifth Earl of Roden, namely, Lady Violet Jocelyn, who, after her divorce from Sir Reginald Beauchamp, underwent such extraordinary experiences in connection with her present and perfectly happy marriage with Hugh Watt, formerly member of Parliament for Glasgow, and head of the great mercantile house bearing his name in that city.

Watt had been named by Sir Reginald as co-respondent. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Watt secured a divorce from her husband, on the ground of his infatuation for Lady Violet, but purposely abstained from taking the necessary steps to render the decree absolute and complete, with the object of depriving him of the liberty of wedding Lady Violet. In fact, Mrs. Watt, imbued with sentiments of resentment and revenge, did everything in her power to persecute both Lady Violet and Hugh Watt, and wound up by charging him with inciting certain persons to murder her. Evidence was furnished by men of infamous character, who swore that they had been employed by Hugh Watt to murder his former wife, and although the tale which they told was on the face of it of the most improbable description, since no sane man could have proposed murder in such a casual fashion to agents so untrustworthy, and to be carried out by means so ludicrous, yet the story, idiotic as it appeared, seemed to appeal to the jury, who, composed of petty tradesmen, apparently thought that because Hugh Watt had been divorced by his own wife, and had figured as co-respondent in another case, he was capable of every other crime. They rendered a verdict against him, and the judge, Sir William Phillimore, who had but little experience in criminal cases, instead of attempting to guide them, allowed himself to be swayed by them, and sentenced Watt to five years' penal servitude.

Both the conviction and the sentence were denounced by the press and by all sensible people, and had the Court of Criminal Appeal, since inaugurated, been then in existence, would undoubtedly have been quashed at once. As it was, the indignation on the part of the public, of high and low degree, assumed such proportions with regard to the sentence that the secretary of state for home affairs, after a few months had elapsed, recommended to the crown its reduction to such an extent that Watt was immediately set at liberty.

It was only after this, and after Mrs. Watt had still further vented her animosity upon Lady Violet by suing her for libel and by endeavoring to bankrupt her in connection with the enormous legal costs of her divorce suit, that she was practically forced by popular clamor to consent to the final legal steps necessary to complete her divorce from Hugh Watt, so as to permit him to wed Lady Violet.

It is only fair to add that since then the path of Lady Violet Watt and of her husband has been rendered easier by the knowledge that not only society, but also the public at large, without altogether condoning their indiscretion, nevertheless regard them as having been the particularly cruelly treated victims of gross misdirection of justice and of feminine revenge, and as such worthy of sympathy and good will.

"Count" Nicholas Leontieff, whose death has just taken place in Paris, was a Russian adventurer, who played a certain role in Abyssinia about fourteen years ago. Always ignored by the Russian embassy in Paris, and avoiding the land of his birth, since his last return from Abyssinia in 1895, he insisted that his title of count had been bestowed upon him by the dusky Negus of Abyssinia.

He also, on his last return from thence, proclaimed that he had been appointed by Emperor Menelik governor-general of that monarch's "Ethiopian Provinces"—a terribly vague term, since all Abyssinia is known as the Kingdom of Ethiopia, while the territory to the east of Abyssinia, which the adventurer indicated as the locality of his viceroyalty, never belonged to Menelik nor to Abyssinia.

On the strength of these stories, and of equally mythical concessions, he founded several companies in Belgium, in conjunction with Brussels financiers of doubtful reputation, and with their assistance managed to dispose of his concessions to credulous investors for a very large sum. Of course, the concerns came to financial grief, and the Belgian police became so pressing in their attentions to Leontieff that he found it prudent to retreat to France, where he remained ever afterwards, posturing and cutting some little figure in cosmopolitan society, but carefully avoided by the official and diplomatic world.

There were two reasons why he did not dare to return to Russia. One of these was that he had obtained from Russian merchants at Moscow, at Odessa and at Lodz an enormous quantity of variously assorted merchandise for the purpose of being bartered in Abyssinia and of opening up a trade between that country and Russia. Leontieff sold the goods all right, but **kept** the money, and the merchants were never able to obtain any redress.

Then, too, he had, with the object of strengthening his position in Abyssinia, taken with him to Russia, on the conclusion of his first visit to the land of the Negus, a batch of Abyssinians of more or less subordinate rank. He had dubbed the oldest one of them special ambassador, and himself as the counselor of the mission. Proceeding to St. Petersburg, he, by his grandiloquent stories, caused his companions to be received by Alexander III. and by the imperial government with all the honors due to an authentic embassy. Its members were extensively entertained and overwhelmed with presents and with decorations, while Leontieff caused the alleged ambassador to distribute among Russian dignitaries various classes of a decoration which he called "the Star of Abyssinia," and which were received with great appreciation.

It was only after the departure of the mission and its return to Abyssinia that it was learned at St. Petersburg that the embassy was entirely bogus; that it had been intrusted with no mission whatsoever by Emperor Menelik; that its members were all men of no rank whatsoever, and that the order of knighthood known as the Star of Abyssinia was a fantastic invention of Leontieff, about which Menelik knew nothing.